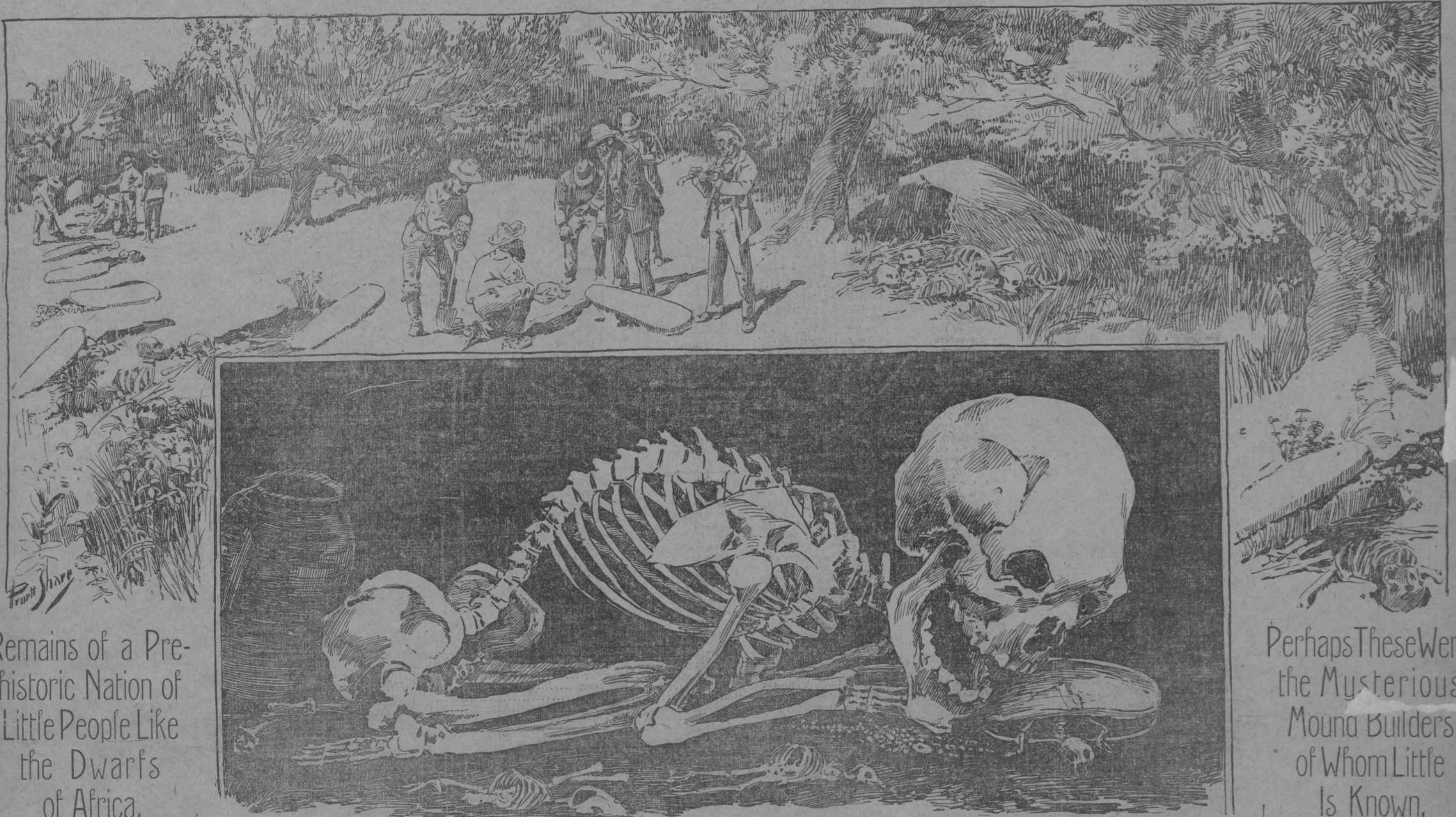


SKELETONS OF LITTLE DWARFS WHO ONCE DWELT IN AMERICA.

RELICS OF A CURIOUS RACE OF PIGMIES UNEARTHED IN PENNSYLVANIA WHO HAD BIG HEADS AND TINY BODIES AND WERE BURIED IN STONE GRAVES.



Remains of a Pre-historic Nation of Little People Like the Dwarfs of Africa.

Perhaps These Were the Mysterious Mound Builders of Whom Little Is Known.

If only those skulls could speak! What a story they would tell!

Many centuries ago when the people in Europe held that the earth was a flat surface from the edge of which you could jump off into space, when Rome was at the height of her power, and when people were saying to one another, "Have you heard of this man Jesus, who claims to be the Son of God?"—in those days when all but a tiny portion of the world was surrounded with a veil of impenetrable mystery, there lived in this country of ours a race of pigmies.

Millions of books have been written and read, and millions of men have studied and delved and speculated, and yet this fact has never been known before. It remained for an unlearned ploughboy to discover the skeletons of this race, to him the earth gave up one of its secrets.

In a spot which to this day is unexcavated and unexplored these little men lived and died. Who they were or what they were we probably will never know. Among the hills that had looked down upon their sufferings and their happiness they were buried.

They may have died one by one, of old age, until the race was extinct, or they may have fallen victims to sudden decay, to the visitation of a plague or to the onslaught of a stronger enemy. But they died, and the earth hid their remains from human sight.

Rome fell, Christianity overspread the world, Columbus discovered the existence of this continent, and Vespucci found the red man lord of the soil that stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Of the pigmies no white man knew. If their existence was a tradition among the Indians they kept it a secret. Then our modern civilization sprang up, and learned men busied themselves with studying the land and delving into its secrets. Many things they found; many more they suspected. Of the pigmies they never dreamed, and it remained for a ploughboy, who knew nothing and guessed nothing of mound builders and other prehistoric races, to come upon the hidden spot where the pigmies lay buried.

Many of their skeletons have now been unearthed. They were once real men and women, grown to maturity—the maturity of dwarfs. In a day's journey you can see the graves where they had lain for countless ages; a few steps further will carry you to a row of skulls in whose sockets once gleamed light and intelligence.

If only those skulls could speak! What a story they would tell!

How long ago they lived and died it is impossible to conjecture. Whether they have left any other tokens of their existence besides their skeletons no living man can say. In the future, perhaps, the earth may give to man another of the many treasures she holds in her bosom, and something more may then be learned of this strange people. But to-day the world must be satisfied with the staring, silent skeletons and the few scattering facts which the Sunday Journal has been able to obtain.

Before entering upon the story of this amazing find it may be as well to call the reader's attention to the fact that races of pigmy men have existed from

time immemorial, and, in some parts of the world, exist even to-day. Stanley found tribes of dwarfed black men in the heart of Africa. They were people who, when fully developed, ranged from three feet six inches to four feet in height. With one exception the proportions of the various parts of their bodies were exactly the same as those of white men.

The exception refers to their head. Among these African pigmies the head seemed enormously large and out of all proportion to the rest of the body. Some of you will doubtless remember a man and woman of this pigmy tribe who appeared several years ago with Barnum's circus.

Travellers from the interior of Australia and traders from the Himalayan districts who found their way down into India have brought many reports of the existence of pigmy tribes and, while none of these reports have ever been investigated, yet their persistence and frequency point to at least some basis of truth.

Now for the ancient pigmies of our own land!

The town of Waynesburg, a place with two hotels, a college, a county jail and all the other elements of a civilized community, lies sixty-one miles southwest of the city of Pittsburgh. It is the kind of town you would expect to find in the midst of a farming district, rather slow, but earnest, and thoroughly comfortable. In the middle of next month it celebrates the hundredth anniversary of its existence, so you see it is quite a venerable spot.

Now, if you sit, as you, machine, had been the leader of a tribe of pigmies many, many years ago, and had looked about for a secluded spot to which you could lead your flock, a nook where they could derive subsistence from the soil and yet be removed from the outside world, you could not have done better than to select the spot where the town of Waynesburg now stands.

It nestles in the heart of a group of hills, over which the rising, even in these days of railroads, is exceedingly rough. The land is fertile, is watered by many streams that have their sources in the neighboring mountains and hills, and is altogether as quiet and delightful an oasis in that region of mines and quarries as the heart could desire.

That the surrounding country was once the abode of Indian tribes has long been known. From time to time graves of warriors, arrow heads, skeletons, and other relics have been found, and there is hardly a family in the county that does not possess at least one relic of this kind that was dug out of the earth. This, however, is true of all that great strip of continent which runs from the lakes to the gulf and from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi and in which this neighborhood forms only a tiny dot. Of the pigmy tribe, on the other hand, the old Indian tribes, no trace was ever found and nothing was ever dreamed until two weeks ago. And it came about in this wise:

Three miles from the centre of Waynesburg lies the farm of John Lapping, a well-to-do farmer. Toward dusk one afternoon one of his laborers, a boy named Thomas Finch, was ploughing the field in the outermost corner of the farm, where the soil

and lain neglected for a long time. It was a new plough and its furrows were somewhat deeper than those made by the old implement.

Several times Finch felt the plough point strike violently against a stone, but, knowing that it was an ordinary stone which the plough had only turned aside, he would have paid no further attention to the matter had not the plough point suddenly come in contact with an obstacle which completely checked its progress.

The boy pushed as hard as he could and urged the horses to their utmost capacity. The obstacle would not budge.

Falling upon his knees and peering into the furrow, Finch saw a slab of gray stone, so smooth and so evenly cut that he knew immediately it had been placed there by human hands. Wondering what it could

be, he pried it loose by means of a stick and then, exerting all his strength, raised it from the spot where it had rested for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years.

At the sight which presented itself to his eyes he turned pale. The slab of stone had covered a hole in the ground, and in this hole, lying upon its side, rested a snow-white skeleton, petrified and bleached by the chemical action of the soil.

The boy's first impulse was to run, but the skeleton lay so quiet, and in that dim, dusk light seemed so peaceful, that after a moment's hesitation, he seated himself by the side of the grave and gazed in awe at its silent occupant.

Picturing to yourself the situation. Those countless years spanned in a flash—the hoary past dragged suddenly through centuries as if they had been seconds into the light of the present—the undisturbed ploughboy selected by fate to be the first of his race to gaze upon the remains of a human being who had been placed under

the earth when Rome was young. Is it not dramatic?

"It is so small," thought the boy. "It must have been a child!"

Becoming unbodied, he took the skull in his hands, and, like the grave digger in "Hamlet," gazed at it reflectively.

"This is strange," he mused. "This skull is as big as that of a grown man. Yet the body is that of a child."

The puzzle was too great for him. Replacing the skull in the grave he carefully went over the furrow to find the other stones that he now remembered having struck with his plough. Each one, upon examination, proved to be of the smoothness and the form of the one he had raised. Without further investigation, he returned to the house and told Mr. Lapping of his discovery.

The graves were arranged in the segment of a circle of almost four hundred feet diameter. The burial spots were in the form of elliptical holes dug into the earth to the depth of twelve inches.

One skeleton was evidently that of a child, for the second set of teeth, as yet only half formed, was clearly discernible. The others, however, were evi-

dently those of grown people, some men and some women. The skull, in every case, was out of all proportion to the body. Even in the case of the child, the skull was as big as that of a grown person, while in the others it seemed of preposterous size compared with the length of the limbs and the width of the shoulder blades.

In every case the lower jaw was remarkably well developed, as if in life these people had had wide chins and amazingly square jaws. Each head, with the exception of that of the child already referred to, possessed a full set of teeth in excellent condition and fully developed.

There were no surface indications of the graves beneath and, although they lay in one of the oldest farms in the State, no one remembers having ever heard of other skeletons that were found there. Mrs. Lapping, whose husband owns the ground, is sixty-five years old. She was born there and her parents owned the land for many years before that, yet she has never heard

of any such discovery being made there before.

The skeletons of the pigmies were greedily seized by the townspeople and those who have them refuse to part with them at any price. E. C. Sayres, a storekeeper in Waynesburg, has one of the skeletons in his show window, and all day long people may be seen standing on the walk, gazing with open mouths at the strange exhibit.

One strange fact, not to be overlooked, was that all the skeletons lay in their graves with the skull facing the south. The meaning of this it is absolutely impossible to conjecture. Its significance, it is fair to suppose, was a religious one, and was connected in the minds of this people, with the hereafter. Did they, perhaps, believe that the happy hunting grounds lay in the south? Or were they the offshoot of a still older race that had its home and its source in the distant south. There is material in this one fact alone for endless reflection.

They must have been a simple folk—the turban and the birds which they buried with their dead point to superstition in its most primitive form. Whether they were peaceful or warlike, thrifty or indolent, good or bad, this age and all the world to come will never know.

But, if only those skulls could speak! What a story they would tell!

WHAT PROFESSOR WAYCHOFF, OF WAYNESBURG COLLEGE, SAYS OF THE PIGMY RACE.

To W. E. Hearst, The Journal, New York:

The graves, their surroundings and the apparent mode of burial are different from that found in what are commonly called Indian graves. In fact I have never heard of or seen such graves before. In my time I have examined the remains in quite a number of Indian graves and, in the present instance, I can find no points of similarity either in reference to the position of the bodies or their surroundings, unless, it be the presence of pottery in the graves.

This leads me to wonder: Have two prehistoric races inhabited this country? And if so, is one of them the Pigmy race, of which R. G. Halliburton writes? The only mark on each grave was the simple flat stone over each vault-like compartment in which the bodies were found. Following are the dimensions of one grave. They are all alike:

The flat stone was eight inches below the surface of the ground. It was forty-two inches long, three inches thick, twenty-eight inches wide at the head, thirty inches at the widest part and twenty-four inches at the narrowest. This stone was six inches above the body. The vaults were twenty-seven inches long, seventeen inches wide and twelve inches deep. The bones occupied only eighteen inches in space, with the heads in a sideways, unnatural position.

The circumference of the forehead and the largest part of the back of the skull was seventeen and a half inches, lower maxillary, seven inches long, and the distance between the extremities of the lower maxillary was three inches. The width of the six ribs unremoved in one grave was two inches. In this was also found the bones of a small turtle resting like a pillow under the head and shoulders of the corpse. It seemed as if it had been buried with the corpse. Hundreds of tiny bone beads were also found in the graves with the bodies. They were generally strung about the neck, but were especially thick just underneath the chin. There was only one piece of metal found in any of the graves, and that was a small crescent-shaped copper ornament, with a hole through it, on which it was strung among a claret of the little bone beads.

The bodies were in a crouching position, head up, spinal column much curved, and face turned toward the South. Remains of birds and turtles were found in every grave. The lower extremities of each corpse were folded closely up toward the body. Since the discovery of the graves on Mr. Lapping's farm, I have heard that there are indications of similar ones in a district thirteen miles east of where I am at present conducting my investigations.

In conclusion I can only say that any idea of mine as to what race of people those bones belonged would be premature. Therefore I will continue my study and give my best judgment, together with the reasons for such, in a few days to the National Museum at Washington. Very respectfully,

A. J. WAYCHOFF,
Waynesburg College, Waynesburg, Pa.

"Indian skeletons, I guess," said the farmer. "I promised Professor Waychoff to let him know if I ever came across any in these parts. I wish you'd run in to town to-morrow and tell him about it."

"They ain't Indians," said the boy. "I that is, they ain't regular Indians. The one I saw was a little bit of a fellow."

But Farmer Lapping was not particularly interested in the subject and paid no further attention to it. Prof. A. J. Waychoff, of Waynesburg College, who is an enthusiast upon the subject of ethnology, received the news with great interest.

"Tell Mr. Lapping," he said, "I'll be out there to-morrow."

On the morning Professor Waychoff beheld the graves, and what he saw made him hug himself with delight.

"They are pigmies!" he cried. "They are the skeletons of real dwarfs, not children. This is the most wonderful find I ever heard of. My boy"—this to the

plough boy—"your name will be known throughout the scientific world."

Professor Waychoff found eight graves in all. In each lay one small skeleton in a state of excellent preservation. Under each skull lay the remains of a large turtle that looked as if it had been placed there as a pillow for the dead. In some of the graves were found the skeletons of birds that had evidently been placed there when the body was buried.

The graves were arranged in the segment of a circle of almost four hundred feet diameter. The burial spots were in the form of elliptical holes dug into the earth to the depth of twelve inches.

One skeleton was evidently that of a child, for the second set of teeth, as yet only half formed, was clearly discernible. The others, however, were evi-

dently those of grown people, some men and some women. The skull, in every case, was out of all proportion to the body. Even in the case of the child, the skull was as big as that of a grown person, while in the others it seemed of preposterous size compared with the length of the limbs and the width of the shoulder blades.

In every case the lower jaw was remarkably well developed, as if in life these people had had wide chins and amazingly square jaws. Each head, with the exception of that of the child already referred to, possessed a full set of teeth in excellent condition and fully developed.

There were no surface indications of the graves beneath and, although they lay in one of the oldest farms in the State, no one remembers having ever heard of other skeletons that were found there. Mrs. Lapping, whose husband owns the ground, is sixty-five years old. She was born there and her parents owned the land for many years before that, yet she has never heard

of any such discovery being made there before.

The skeletons of the pigmies were greedily seized by the townspeople and those who have them refuse to part with them at any price. E. C. Sayres, a storekeeper in Waynesburg, has one of the skeletons in his show window, and all day long people may be seen standing on the walk, gazing with open mouths at the strange exhibit.

One strange fact, not to be overlooked, was that all the skeletons lay in their graves with the skull facing the south. The meaning of this it is absolutely impossible to conjecture. Its significance, it is fair to suppose, was a religious one, and was connected in the minds of this people, with the hereafter. Did they, perhaps, believe that the happy hunting grounds lay in the south? Or were they the offshoot of a still older race that had its home and its source in the distant south. There is material in this one fact alone for endless reflection.

They must have been a simple folk—the turban and the birds which they buried with their dead point to superstition in its most primitive form. Whether they were peaceful or warlike, thrifty or indolent, good or bad, this age and all the world to come will never know.

But, if only those skulls could speak! What a story they would tell!

SUMMER READING.

Wholesome Books Whose Perusal Will Add to the Pleasure of Your Outing.

The "Summer book" has become as recognized a feature of existence during the hot months as anything that is characteristic of them. To judge from some advertisements, it would seem that the "Summer book" was nothing more nor less than the most rubbishy form of short fiction; but there are other books—and good ones—that are redolent of out-of-doors and can best be appreciated if read in some shady spot in the open air.

First and foremost come the books that paint the beauty and reveal the inner life of the outer world—the writings of such authors as Jeffries and Thoreau, Miss Mitford, Gilbert White and John Burroughs. To read Jeffries's splendid "Ingeant of Summer," for example, beneath the shade of leafy trees in glowing July or August, is a liberal education. But the reader, as he turns the pages, should verify for himself the thoughts he finds there. He should inhale the odors of Summer, the "stet of the sunshin"—"except from notched barthens leaves, broad topped oak leaves, narrow ash sprays and oval willows; from vast elm cliffs and sharp-angled brambles underbrushed from the waving grasses and stiff-fencing corn;" he should watch the transformations effected by light and heat; study the perpetual motion of the birds, observe the astounding wealth of insect life, feast on the glory of color and form, listen to the ever-flowing music of field and woodland, and then he will say with Jeffries of the day, "These are the only hours

AN ENORMOUS PIE.

A Six by Ten Monster with Which Yorkshire Celebrated a Famous Event.

Under different skies jubilee and celebrations partake of varying characteristics. In Yorkshire, and in some other parts of England also, every occasion for rejoicing is marked by the baking of a huge pie, which, after being exhibited, is devoured by all the inhabitants.

At Denby Dale, a Yorkshire hamlet, for instance, the other day, the people celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of the repeal of the Corn laws by constructing an enormous pie, six feet six inches wide and two feet six inches long. The dimensions of the fudgication which followed are not given.

This is not so large as the pie that this same village built on another anniversary some years ago, which was drawn through the place with thirty-one horses, headed by three brass bands, and was afterward put away under the waistcoats of the Denby Dairies. It is said that some of the older inhabitants still retain portions of it in their precious formation.